

Ghosts of Easter Rising

Project 86

We wait for the siren
The crimson horizon
The right of our passage
Into promised land
The conflict approaching
Adversaries waiting
Just beyond the threshold of our gates

By Your hand
We make our stand
They'll heed our command
And flee this land

My bloodline is reaching
From beyond and through me
Calling all the righteous
To our vital quest
Our history it hinges
On victory within us
Father, make these fists
Like Brass

The killers of mercy
They occupy and justify
Invading, dividing
But we will look them in the eyes
Converge, descend
Upon the fields of Easter rising
Now go before me
By your strength we rectify this...

Sacrifice, avenge...